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## The Dettingen Te Deum.

In the official pamphlet programme of the Musical Festival at Cincinnati, last week, it is stated that:

"This will be the first performance of the Dettingen Te Deum in this country, and it is one of the marks of honor to be placed to the credit of this Musical Festival, that it has added this superb work to the list of oratorio music sung in America."

It is in no sense *Oratorio music*; nor does it rank among the *greatest* works of Handel; nor was this the *first* performance in this country. On the 1st of March, 1862, the *Dettingen Te Deum* and the *Hymn of Praise* were given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, in commemoration of some of the earlier Union victories in the war of the rebellion. On looking back over our files we find it thus recorded:

Then commenced the "Dettingen Te Deum" by Handel. It was composed in 1743 (two years later than the "Messiah") to commemorate a victory gained by the English and Austrian arms over the French, and has ever since been cherished as the traditional voice of national thanksgiving in times of victory among the English. It is in many respects a noble work, has the large characteristic traits of Handel, is massive and grand in the general style of its choruses, and not wanting in solos, trios, &c., which if not peculiarly taking to more modern ears, will reward a closer attention by considerable intrinsic beauty and expressive rendering of their texts. Yet it can by no means be counted among Handel's greatest works; its importance is more historical and accidental, than intrinsically artistic; and the best effects which occur in the course of it, the grander moments, are all recognized at once as echoes out of his "Israel," "Messiah" and other best known works; there is but little in it that is original and distinctive as compared with them. But it is the same old Handel, massive, glorious and strong, voicing the swelling emotions of a whole people. He is never amiss where all Humanity would speak; never far short of the full height of a great occasion. In such hours we unfurl his fugal folds of harmony upon the breeze as naturally as we do the glorious Stars and Stripes. If we had not his greatest work, we had at any rate his style, his voice, his "large utterance," and all appropriate and inspired by victory. The ritual character of the text, however, may have been some restraint upon that inspiration. The words of the "Te Deum" are in fact the English Church version of the Catholic Mass, furnishing many admirable texts of praise, confession of faith, prayer, but ending in rather an anti-climax for the musician, in the prayer: "Let me never be confounded."

A stirring trumpet call introduces, and is worked into, the whole accompaniment of the first chorus: *We praise Thee, O Lord*, which, like all the choruses, is in five parts (two soprani), in the martial key of D major, opening in full plain chords; and then the Altos lead off in a florid theme, which is clinched by the "we praise thee's of the whole by way of Amen, and then answered and worked up briefly in fugue form. Very solemn and grand is the coming in of the whole mass in B major at *We acknowledge Thee*, and again, after a pause filled with pulsing instrumental chords, in F major; and it comes round again to whence it started in the closing symphony with the trumpet calls. The next chorus: *All the earth*

*doth worship Thee*, has the same orchestral figure with the war duet in "Israel," and responds sonorously to the exhortation of a sentence of Alto solo.

Next a semi-chorus (soprano, tenor and bass) utters the words: *To the all angels cry aloud*, with a degree of touching pathos, which secures at least by contrast the full splendor of the most inspiring number in the whole work, the chorus: *To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry*; which consists of the perpetual reiteration of the phrase "continually" (the very cadence with which one could scarcely help speaking the word, if he only read it from a dictionary), against the solid level background, in one or the other of the parts, of the words *Holy, holy*. This too is in D; and the winding up after the last of three pauses of a full bar, on the words:—*Heaven and earth are full*, in B minor, modulating back to D, swells the full tide yet higher. Certainly a vast deal of grandeur and of splendor got out of such very simple means! And yet we are far from feeling it to be one of Handel's greatest choruses, or from agreeing with the author of "Handel Studies," that it is the greatest *Sanctus* existing in musical art. Of the following choruses, the most impressive are: *When thou hastst overcome the sharpness of Death* (very slow, minor, with rich modulation) followed instantly by a brilliant Allegro: *Thou didst open the kingdom, &c.*, full of roudle fragments, tossed about among the different voices, like sun gleams on the laughing waters; and, better still, with trumpet introduction and accompaniment: *Day by day we magnify thee*. The final chorus is by no means the strongest, although its last utterance of the prayer: *Let me never be confounded*, grave and solemn, after a long pause, is one of those sublime closing cadences which you might hear in any of his oratorios, but which never dulls by repetition, and is like the great seal of Handel, chancellor in the realm of harmony, affixed to the work.

The choruses were in the main well sung, and with spirit, although sometimes in some portion of the vocal forces betraying a failure of unanimous attendance in rehearsals. The solo passages were very acceptably rendered by fresh and satisfactory voices, all taken from the ranks and new to the audience, with the exception of Mr. Simpson, the tenor from New York. Mr. Whitney has a remarkably round, sonorous, musical bass voice, with which, though slightly husky that evening, he gave good effect to the trumpet air: *Thou art the King of Glory*, and the expressive but not striking melody: *When thou tookst upon thee to deliver*. His intonation is true, his manner chaste and natural; but there is need of schooling, and some slips in time had to be covered up by the quick providence of conductor and orchestra. The Trio: *Thou sittest at the right hand*, is really beautiful and marked by some original traits. The Alto part was delivered tastefully, in a warm, sweet voice, by Miss Fitch, with which the tenor (Mr. Simpson) and the bass (Mr. Whitney) blended richly and harmoniously. Miss Granger's fresh and clear Soprano was limited to bits of solo in a Quartet and choruses, and always told with excellent effect.

The *Te Deum* was not too long to be enjoyable, and left the audience in anything but a sleepy condition, as the lively social buzz and aspect of the hall testified during the intermission. But if anything was wanting in the first part it was more than made good in the second, the inspiring glorious "Hymn of Praise" by Mendelssohn.

## Sacristan and Lyric Artist.

BY FERDINAND GUMBERT.\*

For many years the name of Formes has been well known in connection with the stage. Carl Formes, the bass, and Wilhelm Formes, the barytone, reside in America; Theodor Formes, the tenor of the Royal Operahouse, and Ernst Formes, the comic actor at the Wallner Theatre, live in Berlin. Carl Formes, however, is the theatrical progenitor of the family; Wilhelm and Theodor are his brothers, and Ernst is his eldest son; a daughter of Carl's, an actress, engaged at various times at different theatres in Germany, retired, on her marriage, into private life.

But how was it that Carl Formes, in 1841, sacristan at the Roman Catholic church of Mühlheim, on the Rhine, went upon the stage? This the reader shall learn in what follows.

The Theatre at Cologne, which opened in September, 1840, under the management of Herr Spielberger, might justly be called a model establishment. The opera, with an admirable conductor in the person of Conradin Kreutzer, was especially popular. The writer was then engaged there as a youthful barytone, and seizes the opportunity of stating that he remembers with pleasure his singing of the jealous Vasco in *Das Nachtlager von Granada*, and the love-sick Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*.

It was in the autumn of 1841 that Herr Rousseau, *Hofrath*, who edited a daily paper, and was afterwards engaged on the *Staatzeitung* in Berlin, stopped me in the Hochstrasse, Cologne, with the words:

"Have you heard our Mühlheim sacristan, Formes? He is creating a tremendous sensation with his colossal voice at the concerts for the Cathedral building-fund."

On my reply that, in consequence of having so much to do at the theatre, I had not yet been able to attend any of the concerts, he continued:

"Formes has the strongest wish to go on the stage. I will send him to you. Try his voice, and, if you approve of his notion, interest yourself in the poor fellow's behalf; I think you will be doing a good work."

With these words, Herr Rousseau left me.

A few days afterwards—I was taking my coffee in the morning—I heard ponderous footsteps ascending the stairs. It was not the hasty tread of the messenger from the theatre, or of the postman, the only persons who paid such an early visit. Who could it be? Listen! There was a knock. "Come in!" I cried.—Before me stood a tall, sturdy individual, with strongly-marked, intelligent features, the effect of which was advantageously set off by long black hair, falling down his back. He answered my interrogating glance by an easy salutation, and the words:

"My name is Formes; I should like to go on the stage. Herr Rousseau said you would be kind enough to try me."

"Certainly! What would you like to sing me?"

"Well, if you have no objection, the air: 'In diesen heiligen Hallen,' from *Die Zauberflöte*."

"Bon."

I immediately seated myself at my grand-pianos were not then invented—and, after the prelude, Formes began, boldly and calmly, Sarastro's strophes.

What were my feelings after the first few notes? Born and bred in Berlin, I had enjoyed numerous opportunities of hearing fine

\* From the Neue Berliner Neue Musikzeitung.

voices, but such a bass voice, so strong and sonorous, and, at the same time, so noble and soft, I had never known. I was involuntarily so much moved that my eyes filled with tears. Scarcely had Formes finished, before I exclaimed: "You have a wonderfully fine voice; every one must like it." I then continued: "And so you want to go on the stage, do you?"—"Yes."—"How old are you?"—"Twenty-seven."—"Are you married?"—"Yes."—"Have you any children?"—"Two."

I had thrown out rapidly all these questions to conceal the great state of excitement I was in. Before me stood the father of a family who wanted to give up a small but certain means of livelihood, and I, a bachelor, with no family to support, was to decide the matter. I felt very sad and anxious. I begged Formes to be seated a moment or two; and, while I drank the remainder of my coffee, which had grown quite cold, I found time to make up my mind.

"My dear Herr Formes," I began, "you have a magnificent bass voice; I have never heard one like it; you sing, moreover, purely, and with warm and natural feeling; you appear, also, strong and healthy. Here are certainly the materials for a good singer. I take it for granted that your industry will in future be as great as your fancy now. Yet, to speak frankly, I consider myself too young and inexperienced to decide alone so momentous a question. You are the sacristan at the church in Mühlheim; you are the father of a family; your place provides you with the means of support. If you are fortunate, it is very possible that, as a singer, you may earn more in one evening than your salary at present for the whole year; it is, however, also possible that, if you are not successful on the stage, you will long again for your present tranquil and certain existence. Consult, therefore, a competent judge; I will speak this very day to our old conductor, Kreutzer; let his opinion decide. Come and see me again at the same time to-morrow morning, and you shall hear more."

We shook hands. Formes disappeared as quietly as he had come, and I heard his heavy steps gradually die away in the Comödienstrasse.

As for the decision of our conductor—despite his sixty years, full of good spirits and humor—I did not for a moment entertain a doubt about it; I was merely influenced by a desire, honorable enough, not to assume alone all the responsibility.

Things turned out as I had foreseen. Kreutzer had heard Formes sing at a concert for the Cathedral Building Fund, and said that my opinion of his voice was perfectly correct. He wound up by exclaiming: "Such a voice must not perish in a corner."

"Well, my dear conductor, I observed, "Formes has, at present, not much more than the raw material; he must learn a great deal before he can appear on any stage; be his good angel, and give him lessons."

"That is what I can't do," replied Kreutzer; "I am town-conductor, and theatrical conductor; I am bound to send things to my publishers; where can I find time for giving lessons? You can do that; in my opinion you have the stuff in you for it. Take my word, if Formes is industrious, we shall all three have reason to be pleased."

With these words, Conradin Kreutzer dismissed me.

The next morning, Formes appeared punctually at the appointed hour—he had served his time in the artillery. On my informing him that Kreutzer approved of his idea, and designated me as his master, he burst into tears and fell upon my neck. He expressed his deep regret at not having the means to pay me for my lessons, and promised solemnly always to be industrious and obedient.

But, with regard to lessons, words were easier than deeds. Formes was obliged by his situation to be all day in Mühlheim—an hour's walk from Cologne; I myself had rehearsals of

a morning, and frequently of an afternoon also, while in the evening (having agreed to play in spoken drama as well as opera) I generally had to perform. Thus the only time at our disposal was after the theatre.

Thrice a week did Formes come to me across the Rhine, and any one then passing along the Comödienstrasse, between ten and twelve at night, might have heard my pupil, the sacristan, practising, with all his voice, his scales and *solfeggios* on the second floor of the small house (two houses from the Theatre), belonging to Herr Brauer, the trimming-maker.

The longer I gave Formes lessons, the more pleased was I with his natural talent for music, his quick conception, and his great skill in singing after me *melismata*, 'figures and cadences. He was especially enthusiastic for Italian cantilenas, and was so indefatigable in studying them that I had frequently to turn him out, because I required a little rest. Had I allowed him, he would certainly have gone on singing till the morning. For my own part, inspired with all the enthusiasm of youth, I was never tired of listening to his voice, so melodious was it. After six weeks' lessons, Formes had two octaves (from the low to the high E flat), of perfectly equal and beautiful tone, in his throat. Moreover, there was something so noble and inspired in the timbre of his voice, while his style had something so grandly simple and touching about it, that my eyes were many a time suffused with tears. But I did not dare let my pupil see this, for I soon perceived, despite all his frankness and unaffected manners, a tendency to vain self-sufficiency. I, also, considered it my duty to warn him—for, like most Rhinelanders, while open and loyal, Formes was too fond of talking over a glass of wine—against letting his theatrical project become known. I represented to him that the priests would immediately discharge a sacristan who meant to go upon the stage, and that he was not yet far enough advanced at once to embrace with any chance of success the career of a singer; I told him he ought to think of his family, and be more prudent. But my warnings were not of much good. *In vino veritas*—wine-shops are the natural enemies of secrecy. Thus even the sparrows on the house-tops soon knew that Formes, the sacristan, would shortly come out upon the stage.

In consequence of this unfortunate turn taken by matters, I was under the necessity of adopting active measures, since Formes had so thoughtlessly risked his means of livelihood. I consulted with the manager, Herr Spielberger, who said he was willing to let Formes make his *début* directly he knew a few parts. I fixed upon *Sarastro* as the first, one reason being that it required only quiet recitative and no acting.

I need scarcely say that we could no longer follow our previous mode of instruction. As we had reason to dread that the *sacristan* might any day be discharged, we had to profit by every available instant so as to get up a few characters in order that the *singer* might be ready when the explosion came. Formes was, in this respect, particularly favored by fate. The voice of our bass singer, Oehrlin, had for some time past—in consequence, it was said, of too free a life—deteriorated very considerably; for instance, he frequently sang too low, and he had on several occasions, despite his former popularity, met with a spirit of opposition on the part of the Cologne public, who do not possess very tender feelings, which touched him deeply. Thus there was the prospect of a vacancy, into which Formes, provided only he succeeded—and on that head I did not entertain a moment's doubt—could immediately slip.

The reader may easily believe that I worked very hard with him—sometimes all night—on different parts; in *Sarastro* especially I made him letter-perfect. Thus he was prepared, and we were able to await calmly the day when his wishes should be fulfilled.

In the afternoon of the 5th January, 1842, the manager, Herr Spielberger, entered my

room quite unexpectedly. It must, I knew, be something particularly important he wished to communicate, because, when he had anything to say in the way of business to the members of his company, he usually sent the messenger to beg they would call upon him in his room at the Theatre, or at his private house. He gave no time to put any questions, but said without further ado:

"Can Formes sing *Sarastro* to-morrow evening?"

"To-morrow evening?"

"Yes, to-morrow evening. You know that to-morrow is a festival here in Cologne—that of the Three Kings. I must give an opera, and can give only *Die Zauberflöte*. But, as it has been performed several times lately, some especial attraction. If Formes sings, all Cologne will flock to the Theatre. Is he ready?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, then you arrange all the rest, while I look after the bills of the day and the advertisements in the papers; we must not lose a minute. How about rehearsals?"

"Well, I think we might have one with piano at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, and one at 10 upon the stage."

"Very good, I leave all to you."

Directly the manager had disappeared, I wrote to Formes as follows:

"Dear Formes,—To-morrow evening you will appear as *Sarastro*. Be at my place at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, so that we may once go through the part, music and dialogue. There is a pianoforte rehearsal at 9, and a stage-rehearsal at 10."

I took these lines to the Post Office, whence a coach left every hour with letters and passengers for Mühlheim.

According to the appointment made in my letter, Formes appeared punctually at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 6th January, at my rooms, have walked the distance from Mühlheim to Cologne. His eye beamed with delight at having reached the goal of his wishes; but not the slightest sign of anxiety or excitement was visible in his demeanor.

After we had been through the part, which went off without a fault, we proceeded to the theatre. Formes had gradually made the acquaintance of all the members of the company, so that he received a friendly welcome from every one. In his daily intercourse, moreover, he had become closely attached to my dear friend and colleague, August Thomas, and myself, following our advice like an obedient child.

The pianoforte rehearsal was succeeded by the rehearsal on the stage at ten o'clock. The result was a complete success, so that, immediately afterwards, the manager, Herr Spielberger, concluded with Formes a three years' engagement, at a rising salary.

Formes then set out again on foot, to return to Mühlheim, reappearing at 5 o'clock p.m., in my room, after having once more walked the distance. Having rested half-an-hour, we both—for I myself sang *Papageno* that evening—started for the Theatre.

I need hardly say that the announcement at the top of the play-bill (the latter is lying before me as I write these reminiscences):

"FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE OF

"HERR FORMES

"OF MUEHLHEIM,"

had filled the house to the ceiling. Every one wanted to see the Mühlheim Sacristan as *Sarastro*. Hundreds were turned away from the doors, unable to obtain admission.

That I felt the importance of the evening more than Formes did, and that, in consequence, I was most uneasy and absent during my scenes of the first act, is a fact for which the reader may take my word. The time previous to *Sarastro's* appearance in the finale struck me as fearfully long. At length the moment came; my heart beat as though it would



burst. Formes entered as calm and unembarrassed as ever; he looked magnificent; his strongly marked features with his expressive eye, and black hair falling down his back, his well-knit, imposing figure, seemed made expressly for the part. In the auditorium, where—as is always the case on such occasions—the restlessness of curiosity and expectation had up to then predominated over every thing else, you might have heard a pin drop.

But, after the very first vocal passage: "Steh' auf, erheite dich, o Liebe," with the low "doch," the applause roared like a hurricane through the house, and after the first act, there was a tumultuous call for Formes. When the curtain went down, Formes fell upon my neck, and wept copiously. The conductor, Kreutzer, and Herr Spielberger, the manager, did not allow the success of the pupil's first appearance to make them forget the teacher. They paid me the most flattering compliments. The second act began. Formes had recovered his composure. He spoke his long speech in a distinct and dignified manner, and sang the following numbers, as I was accustomed to hear him sing them, without a fault, and in the finest voice. Of course, he was rapturously applauded. After the performance, we supped together, and Formes again set out for Mühlheim. So ended the 6th January, 1842. In the subsequent thirty years, up to the present hour, I have seen many a *début*, but not one so brilliant and so full of promise as that of Carl Formes.

Formes experienced no difficulty in obtaining his discharge from his previous post, so that he was able immediately to enter upon the fulfilment of his engagement as a member of the Stadt-theater, Cologne. But I had reserved the right of choosing the parts in which he was to appear next, so that we might not lose, by over-haste, the fruit of so great a success. Unfortunately, I was not able to act any longer as Formes's friendly adviser; I was myself destined to enter upon a fresh career. My first songs were written in Cologne, and, when sung by Formes, met with so favorable a reception, that Kreutzer urged me to devote myself exclusively to composition. As my engagement in Cologne expired on the 1st May, I resolved to return to Berlin, and study music zealously. I have never regretted so doing, and cherish a faithful and loving feeling of gratitude towards poor old Kreutzer, who died at Riga, in 1849.

Under my guidance still, Formes sang the Hermit (*Der Freischütz*); the Commander (*Don Juan*); Oroveso (*Norma*); Sir George (*I Puritani*); and Gaveston (*La Dame Blanche*), with equal success. On the 2nd May, 1842, I bade farewell to Cologne and the stage. Formes and Thomas accompanied me to the steamboat, and waved their adieus as the vessel glided away. In several letters which he wrote to me in Berlin, Formes complained that no one would study his parts with him so patiently and conscientiously as I had been in the habit of doing. Then—as is the way of the world—his letters stopped, and to learn his subsequent fate, his successes in Vienna, London, St. Petersburg, and New York, I had to consult the papers.

It was not till ten years later, in December, 1852, on the occasion of a short engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, that I was destined to see Formes again. Strange to say, his first part was Sarastro. But even before his public appearance I observed, to my regret, a very great change for the worse in his manner. The good-natured honest fellow was merged in an arrogant, dogmatical actor, who was ashamed of the "Sacristan" of former times, and gave himself out—even in my presence—as a Heidelberg student, who had been expelled from his university. In beerhouses, too, he was very fond of narrating his heroic deeds at the Vienna barricades, in 1848.

That I was anxious to see him again on the stage after a lapse of ten years, is a fact which everyone will easily understand. Next me in

the pit of the Operahouse stood my friend and Cologne colleague, Thomas, who for many years had then been a member of the Theatre Royal. At length Sarastro appeared. Formes's voice was yet vigorous; it had lost compass in the lower notes, but had gained two upper ones. His vocal style had contracted from the Italians, with whom he had sung, much that was good, and also a great deal that was bad—especially a faulty *legato*. But what had formerly moved me even to tears in the simple Mühlheim Sacristan: the wondrous *timbre*, the full, soft tone, the unaffected and touching delivery—all this was out of the power of the world-renowned singer to offer me. During the evening my neighbor on several occasions nudged my arm, and whispered: "That was a tone of days gone by."

Formes's performance was, however, a great success; the "Heiligen Hallen" air had to be repeated in obedience to a tumultuous encore. But what would the audience have said, had they been able to hear it sung as the Mühlheim Sacristan sang it ten years previously?

### The Voice and How to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

V.\*

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

*Pupil.* You say that one must "read rapidly, in different parts of the voice," to overcome the change of tone inevitable between the registers—a very simple, easy way of overcoming so great an obstacle, is it not?

*Mr. D.* You do not understand me. No such obstacle can be so quickly done away with as that. Your question related to talking and singing in a stiff manner. Now you will notice that when an assumed tone is used, being lower than is natural, the chin will usually be drawn back, and the tone made back in the mouth. It is an established fact, however, that all sound, before passing into the outer air as language, must undergo a process of shaping by the lips, tongue and teeth, which together constitute the "organs of articulation." These are all placed at the entrance of the mouth, and not back in the throat. It is possible to articulate back in the mouth, though it is evident that such action is not natural. If it had been intended for articulation to take place back of the teeth, why were not other organs established for the purpose, rather than those which exist? Now as I say, you can read or speak back in the mouth, but can you do it rapidly? I think you will find that any attempt of the kind will result in failure. You must have the voice forward, in order to manage it, in rapid speaking or reading. Now understanding this, please read a line of poetry or prose, either, on any note which is perfectly comfortable for you. Remember that the action is purely a mechanical one, and that we wish no expression. Do not sing the words, but read them without inflection. If you read rapidly, you will probably be unconscious of any effort. Now go up one tone and do the same thing. Remember that you must avoid making effort. Then a third and a fourth tone. By this time it will seem necessary to make some effort, but that will be only on account of your arrival at the place of change. Pay no attention to the desire to make effort, but pursue your previous course on the new note, without regarding consequences, only make no effort. The tone will probably have become somewhat thinner in character, but never mind. Gain perfect ease of delivery of something in the way of tone, and fullness as well as power can come later.

*Pupil.* Yes, but this something is no sort of tone. It amounts to a mere nothing. How can you ever gain power sufficient to make yourself heard across the room, with such feeble sound.

*Mr. D.* Well, I will first reply that it would be a good plan for you to watch the process of sculpture. Let us see how Powers would work with his moulding. He takes a lump of clay of the desired size, and having a female figure to design, commences naturally at the top of the lump and moulds away on that, disregarding the rest of the lump, until he produces the head, in all its glorious beauty. Then he carefully moulds the chest and arms, finishing each part as he goes on.

*Pupil.* Oh no, Sir! That he certainly does not. You evidently have not a correct idea of sculpture.

*Mr. D.* Or observe the painter at his work—see how, taking a plain canvas before him, he carefully

elaborates each part, before going on to the next; or to come to common life, observe how the builder invariably finishes each room, papering, painting, &c., before he goes to the next. Beautiful sights, are they not?

*Pupil.* Now you are laughing at me; of course the sculptor must have his clay figure in rough before refining it, and the painter must have his picture in outline before elaborating, while the frame of the house must be all ready, before any single room can be finished.

*Mr. D.* And shall I make the application for you? Do you not see that the framework of the voice must be prepared, before the full glory can be attained? But I will reply to your question in the second place, that power is a thing much misunderstood, unless I greatly mistake. It is a common fallacy, that power means noise. I do not think that true power is of a *blatant* character. Let us apply the word outside of music. We say that a certain man has great power over a number of men; in other words, he has great influence over them, and this influence is not usually of a noisy kind. I believe that Dr. Winship, of Boston, a small man, has lifted over a ton, dead weight, yet there are probably many truckmen in that city, not able to lift one quarter part of that weight, who could handle him in a tussle. But he has the greater power. To return to the voice. Several years since, I heard Signor Salvi (who was the most perfect model of a tenor singer that I ever heard) in the opera of "Masaniello," at Niblo's Theatre in New York. Those who remember the theatre will testify to its seating capacity being about three thousand—at all events, it was full, and my seat was far back. In the song which we have in English, "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," he relates to the fishermen the particulars of the great conspiracy on foot, and this song Salvi took *pianissimo*. I have no doubt that it was actually *pianissimo* to those near him, yet every sound, and every word, came to all parts of the house, though soft and without any apparent effort. In 1859 I was so fortunate as to be at the great Handel Festival at Sydenham Palace, London. Among other solos sung were the great bass ones of the "Messiah," sung by Signor Belletti, a baritone singer of not heavy calibre, as those will remember who heard him here with Jenny Lind. Every note came with the utmost distinctness to where I sat, in the opposite transept, a distance certainly as great as the Coliseum could afford. Speaking of the Coliseum brings the first Peace Jubilee to mind. At that time Adelaide Phillips sang. It was said to her on the second day, (she had sung at the first concert) "Did you not find great difficulty in filling the house?" "Oh no," she replied, "One needs only to place every note with care, and sing easily." There was the artist—she did place every tone with care, and sang very easily, and I never heard her sing better than on those great days of the first jubilee. Now I have been endeavoring to show what power really is. None of these people shouted or forced their voices in any way, yet they could be heard without difficulty under trying circumstances. Take this motto into your understanding—"Purity is power!"

X.\*

*Pupil.* You condemn the use of the *tremolo* as an evidence of debility of the vocal chord, if I understand you rightly, but are there not instances where it is a natural action?

*Mr. D.* I have heard voices where it has seemed to be so, and they were usually beautiful in character; but this natural tremolo is a different thing from that produced by debility or affectation. It is thought by some that the tremolo is more pathetic than a firm tone, and should be used in pathetic passages, and so it should, in just such passages as would be read with a tremulous tone. But it is amazing to find how it has increased within a few years—amazing and saddening too.

*Pupil.* But why saddening? I must say that I think it very effective at times; why should not any means be adopted to give greater and broader meaning to music and please the listeners as well?

*Mr. D.* There are two reasons why it is very saddening to the earnest friend of advancement in art. It is certainly sad to think that a disease should be brought into our midst, like that which has recently afflicted us, creating such a panic in all the great cities. We consider any such visitation a scourge. Now a disease has set in during the past few years amongst the singers, which threatens terrible results, and this cultivated tremolo is a part

of it. Do you remember the fable of the fox who had lost his tail, and at once tried to become the fashion by representing to his friends the great advantage of his improved condition? Did you ever read the history of fashions? It is interesting and instructive to see how the majority originated in the striving to conceal deformity. Now I have said that the majority of fashionable teachers are singers past their prime, who having ceased to sing in public from sheer inability to do so, live on their past reputation, finding abundance of pupils only too well pleased to pay large prices for the sake of saying that they are pupils of Signor or Signora so and so. Of course, all the faulty singing of the teacher will be adopted by the pupil as correct and worthy of imitation. Of course a false standard is created. The uneducated singer concludes that Miss Smith, who has taken ever so many terms of Signor Blankini, must, of course, know better than she can possibly, regarding the merits of a performance, and allows her own judgment to pass for nothing. So Signor Blankini makes his tremulous voice, which in an American would be called cracked or worn-out, pass for the correct thing. Now teaching is done largely by imitation—all very well when your model is good; but to the majority of pupils, their own teacher is well nigh infallible. I said there were two reasons,—the other one is that it is a poor sort of clap-trap.

*Pupil.* You have several times made use of that term, "clap-trap"—will you explain more fully what you mean when you use so very slighting a term? You have named so many things clap-trap, that I fail to see how one is to sing with any effect on an audience without its use in one form or another.

*Mr. D.* In that you but echo the words of many public singers. Audiences have a morbid desire to be startled or amused. It rarely occurs to them to enjoy. They go to the Harvard and Thomas concerts, because it is the correct thing to do; but as for really enjoying what they hear, there are probably few [?] who do. When you hear singing at either of these, you are not startled, but integrity to the composer is all noticeable. Now clap-trap is a bid for applause. I do not know any more concise definition than that. Any departure from truth, any extra note not demanded by the sentiment of the song, any extreme note not laid down in the score, anything in fact which would not be done except from a desire for applause, is clap-trap. A child away from home fell off a wall, and on being asked whether he cried, answered, "why no, there was nobody to hear me." He had a fine sense of the use of clap-trap. And after all, audiences are somewhat to blame. If an audience would only frown it all down, how long would it be heard? If the audience would learn to recognize beauty in singing, rather than noise, how much more we should enjoy. How much favor do you suppose a singer would receive, who should dare to violate the proprieties of a Harvard concert, by clap-trap? It would be at once frowned down, and let us be thankful that such an audience exists, having no toleration for such wrong-doing. Spite of all sneers on the outside, the Harvard Musical society has before it the honest aim of making true music, true rendering, true taste appreciated in a community well nigh spoiled by a surfeit of clap-trap. Success to it!

*Pupil.* And yet how a single point of this dreadful kind will bring an *encore*! I have seen tenors *encored* after a high note, when they were compelled to repeat the performance before the audience would be satisfied.

*Mr. D.* Very good. Now you open a very interesting subject. I have been longing for some time to express my mind on the subject of *encores*. What is an *encore*? It should be simply a recall for the purpose of receiving the applause of the audience. Mind, I am aware that people as a rule think that this is just what they evidence to the singer. But look at it. A young lady sang the other evening, at a concert in this town, a very difficult air with variations. The audience were so well pleased, that they *encored* her. She acknowledged the compliment by appearing before them, but had no intention of repeating the arduous performance; yet they were not satisfied, but applauded more. Again she acknowledged the compliment and withdrew. It was with great difficulty that they could be made to stop. Now they meant to compliment her, but really they were guilty of great rudeness. It is not polite to insist upon an artist singing, when she has acknowledged the compliment paid. It is for her to do as she pleases then. If you compel her to sing, you are very impolite, and the beauty of your compliment is taken away.

Your applause should be simply a compliment, but you have used the compliment to get more for your money. It becomes at once a mercenary thing. You see my point, do you not? You are selfish in your applause. You are willing to honor the artist, but it must bring a return. How little sense of true politeness there is in the world!

### Dr. Helmholtz on Harmony.

An English translation of Professor Helmholtz's "Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects" has just been published, and it contains, among others, a lecture on "The physiological causes of harmony in music," which has been rendered into English by Mr. A. J. Ellis. *The Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter* offers the following digest of the lecture, at the same time advising all who can to read the original. The author begins by noticing that while art, criticism has, to some extent at least, investigated the causes of the pleasure excited in our minds by poetry, painting, and sculpture, nothing has been done to analyze the pleasurable sensations produced by music. This art, unlike the others, is not in its essence an imitative one, and we cannot therefore criticize it as we do a statue or a poem, but all our observation must be directed to its material—musical sounds and sensations. And it is a strange mystery that in an inquiry into the theory of music, which of all the arts seems most immaterial and evanescent, the science of purest and exactest thought—mathematics—should be eminently necessary. It is as if the hidden unity of all our phases of thought were thus revealed.

### MUSICAL SOUNDS.

The subject of the lecture is the explanation of concord or harmony of sounds. Any series of regular and equal impulses which produce a vibration of the air, if they recur with sufficient rapidity, will produce a musical tone. Irregular agitation of the air generates only noise. The *pitch* of a tone depends on the number of impulses which take place in a given time, whether these are generated by the vocal cords, a violin, trumpet, flute or organ. There is a close relationship between the well-known harmonious intervals, and the number of vibrations. Thus the octave of any tone is as 2 to 1; the fifth as 2 to 3; the major third as 4 to 5. The lower limit of audibility is very nearly at the deepest C which our pianos possess; the upper limit seems to be at three octaves above the highest C on the piano. The one note makes 33 vibrations in a second of time, the other makes 32,770 vibrations. It is not because the air is agitated in any peculiar way that it produces sound, but because of the sensitive construction of the ear. There are aerial vibrations both too slow and too rapid to produce what we call, in reference to our own experience, sound.

### PROPAGATION OF SOUND.

The propagation of sound through the air may be partly compared to waves on a lake. The *form* of the wave is all that is propelled forward, the particles of water merely rising and falling. But air is an elastic fluid, and instead of an undulating wave-line, the sound-waves or impulses consist of perpendicular strata of air, alternately condensed and rarefied. The particles of air only oscillate backwards and forwards in a straight line, while the impulse itself is merely a progressive form of motion, continually composed of fresh particles of air. But "waves" of sound are not limited to a horizontal surface; they spread in every direction from the point of their origin, in spherical impulses. Continuing the analogy with waves of water, we may compare high notes to a gentle ripple, and low ones to the giant ocean billows. The C at the bottom of the piano has a "wave" 35 feet long, while the highest tones of a piano have waves only 3 inches in length. Thus the *pitch* of the tone corresponds to the *length* of the impulse, and it may be added that the *loudness* corresponds to the *degree of condensation*—what in water would be the height of the waves.

### TIMBRE OR QUALITY.

But waves of water have different forms; some are rounded, some pointed. And in the same way varieties of form occur in sound impulses of the same pitch and loudness. Having no outward form these impulses cannot vary as waves do, but the interior distribution of pressure, and therefore of density, is different. This difference results in variety of *timbre* or quality; it is the difference between C sounded on a flute, a trumpet, or a violin. At present scientific investigations have only ascertained

the impulse form belonging to one or two varieties of timbre, one of these being the simple or pure impulse-form, which produces what is called a simple tone, such a tone as comes from a tuning fork, or from a good voice singing the vowel oo at a medium pitch. We also know enough of the laws of the vibration of strings to assign in some cases the form of motion which they impart to the air. Speaking once more in the language of water-waves, the more uniformly rounded is the form of wave, the softer and milder is the quality of tone (*e. g.* in the tuning fork); the more jerky and angular the wave-form, the more piercing the quality (*e. g.* in the guitar or violin). But we may frequently notice at the water side that many different systems of waves may co-exist in the same water, and pass over one another, each undisturbedly pursuing its own path. In the same way the air of a concert room is traversed in every direction, by a variegated crowd of intersecting sound-impulses. From the mouths of the male singers proceed impulses of six to twelve feet in length; from the lips of the songstresses dart shorter impulses from eighteen to thirty-six inches long. The rustling of silken skirts, the sound of each instrument in the orchestra, excites its own peculiar impulses, which expand spherically from their respective centres, dart through each other, are reflected from the walls of the room, and thus rush backwards and forwards, until they succumb to the greater force of newly generated tones. All this confused intersection is analyzed by the ear, which distinguishes each voice and sound.

### HOW THE EAR WORKS.

When any note is sounded with sufficient force near a pianoforte, the wire representing the same note may be heard sounding in what is called *sympathetic vibration*. The other wires will be unmoved. If several voices or instruments sound tones near a piano, and little paper riders are placed on all the strings, those only will leap off which are on wires in unison with the notes sounded. Thus a pianoforte can analyze the wave confusion of the air into its constituent elements. Recent anatomical discoveries seem to show that the process which goes on in our ear is probably very like that just described. In the *cochlea*, a cavity filled with water lying in the internal ear, some very remarkable formations have been discovered. They consist of innumerable plates, microscopically small, arranged in order, side by side, like the keys of a piano. They are connected at one end with the fibres of the auditory nerve, and at the other with the stretched membrane. Elastic appendages, like stiff hairs, have also been lately discovered at the ends of the nerves in the *vestibulum*. The anatomical arrangement of these appendages leaves scarcely any room to doubt that they are set into sympathetic vibration by the waves of sound which are conducted through them. And it is a probable conjecture that each appendage is tuned to a certain tone, like the strings of a piano, from our experience of which we can see that when one tone is sounded, the corresponding hair-like appendage may vibrate, and make an impression on the corresponding nerve-fibre.

[Conclusion in next number.]

### Mr. Paine's Oratorio.

[From the New York World, March 31.]

ST. PETER: An Oratorio. The words selected from the Bible, and the music composed by John Knowles Paine. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1873.

The appearance of Mr. Paine's oratorio is an event of such importance in the musical history of our country that we feel called upon to make a brief mention of it, though we know well how difficult it is to speak with confidence of an elaborate musical composition without having heard it regularly performed. Of part songs, or solos with piano-forte accompaniment, or any other form of composition which admits of being sketched with tolerable completeness upon the piano, one can obtain by one's self an adequate conception. It is otherwise with the symphony and the oratorio, in which we may indeed learn by private study to appreciate intellectually the progression of the harmony or the contrapuntal structure or the thematic treatment of given subjects, but which we can only understand in their real proportions when we have actually heard them rendered with all the resources of instruments and voices. In these respects great musical compositions are peculiarly unfortunate among works of art. They are known at first hand by comparatively few persons; and hence is rendered possible that pretentious kind of dilettante



## LITTLE HUMMING SONG.

TRÄLLERLIEDCHEN.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

*Andantino.*

No. 3.

*p*

## CHORAL.

EIN CHORAL.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

No. 4.

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), and common time (C). The music is in a choral style with many beamed eighth notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. A 'p' (piano) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the choral piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), and common time (C). The music continues with beamed eighth notes and various fingerings.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the choral piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), and common time (C). The music continues with beamed eighth notes and various fingerings.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the choral piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), and common time (C). The music continues with beamed eighth notes and various fingerings.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the choral piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), and common time (C). The music concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

## LITTLE PIECE.

STÜCKCHEN.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

*Andantino.*

No. 5.

*p*

## POOR ORPHAN CHILD.

ARMES WAISENKIND.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

*Lento.*

No. 6.

*p*

The first system of the piano score is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with triplets and single notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Lento' and the dynamics begin with a piano 'p'.

*piu lento.*

The second system continues the piece with a 'piu lento' tempo change. The right hand has a more complex melodic line with many triplets, and the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

*a tempo.*

The third system returns to the original 'a tempo' pace. The right hand features a series of triplets, and the left hand has a more active, flowing accompaniment.

*piu lento.* *a tempo.*

The fourth system contains a 'piu lento' section followed by a return to 'a tempo'. The right hand has a melodic line with triplets, and the left hand has a more active accompaniment.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the right hand and a supporting accompaniment in the left hand, ending with a double bar line.



criticism which is so common in musical matters, and which is often positively injurious, as substituting a factitious public opinion for one that is genuine.

We do not, therefore, purpose at present to make a critical notice of Mr. Paine's oratorio. The briefest description of its general plan of structure is all that we can now pretend to give. Four principal scenes from the life of Peter supply the material for the dramatic development of the work. The overture leads directly into a chorus in C major, which works out in a masterly manner the two subjects, "The time is fulfilled and the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and "Repeat and believe the glad tidings of God." After this majestic opening the tenor recitative describes the divine call of Peter and his brethren; the glad tidings which usher in the new era are expressed in a soprano aria; and the twelve male voices of the disciples, assisted by the chorus, respond to the divine call. The poem ends with the choral, "How lovely shines the morning star." Then follows the first dramatic scene, from the sixteenth chapter of Matthew: "Who do men say I am?" answered first by the twelve male voices, and then by Peter, in a few bars of superb bass recitative, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." In the promise of Jesus, "Upon this rock will I build my Church," the recitative is succeeded by an arioso, and then by the triumphant bass aria of Peter, the dramatic climax being reached in the C major chorus, "The Church is built." The second scene is carried out to somewhat greater length, corresponding nearly to the last half of the first part of "Elijah," from the point where the challenge is given to the prophets of Baal. In the opening passages of mingled recitative and arioso Peter is forewarned that he shall deny his master, and his half-indignant remonstrance is seconded by the voices of the other disciples. Then Judas comes, with a great multitude, and Jesus is carried before the high priest. The beautiful F minor chorus, "We hid our faces from him," furnishes the musical comment upon the statement that "the disciples all forsook him and fled"—and we are thus prepared for the scene of the denial. Here the dramatic movement becomes exceedingly rapid, and the rendering of the events in the high priest's hall—Peter's bass recitative alternating his protestations with the agitated chorus of servants—is stirring in the extreme. The Lord's turning and looking upon Peter is given to a contralto voice. The orchestra follows with a lament in B flat minor, introducing the bass aria, "O God, my God, forsake me not." As the last strains of the lamentation die away a choir of angels is heard, with sopranos and contraltos divided, singing "Remember from whence thou art fallen," to an accompaniment of harps. A full chorus presently introduces the second subject, "He that overcometh shall receive a crown of life," in which, so far as we can judge from the circumstances under which we heard it, there is attained a very great height of musical expression indeed. A cantabile air for contralto, "The Lord is faithful and righteous" brings us to the last sublime chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest." Here, as in the "Elijah," the chorus most likely to be "effective" occurs at the end of the first part.

There is also this point in common between the "Elijah" and "St. Peter" that in the latter, as in the former, the second part, while forming the true musical climax of the oratorio, admits of a briefer description than the first part. The wave of emotion answering to the sensuously dramatic element having partly spent itself, the wave of lyric emotion gathers fresh strength, and one feels that one has reached the height of spiritual exaltation, while nevertheless there is not so much to tell about. Something of the same feeling one gets in studying Dante's "Paradise" after finishing the earlier portions of his poem. The second part of "St. Peter" describes first the resurrection and ascension of Jesus, and secondly the preaching of Peter at Pentecost. Here the noble bass aria, "Ye men of Judea," and the recitatives which follow it, culminating in the D major chorus, "This is the witness of God," carry to the highest point the musical treatment of the subject. Then the choral, "Praise to the Father," enters upon the emotional mood in which it would seem that every oratorio ought properly to close; and after a brief preparation of recitative and of the twelve male voices the C major chorus, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty," begins and thunders on to its stately choral ending.

From this too brief outline we believe it will appear that, so far as mingled lyric and dramatic treatment of the subject is concerned, the oratorio of

"St. Peter" is constructed upon sound principles of art. With regard to its musical elaboration, as we have already said, a detailed opinion would at present be premature. We are safe in saying, however, that if the composer wields the resources of modern instrumentation as readily, or nearly as readily, as he handles the other tools of his art, a brilliant future may be predicted for this work. The melodies in the various arias and in the themes of the choruses flow along with an easy spontaneity; they are of the kind that are pleasant in the singing and that haunt the memory afterwards. Of the intricacies of counterpoint Mr. Paine has acquired a mastery that one would gladly see more often emulated by modern composers. To defective acquaintance with this all-important grammar of music we undoubtedly owe that "infinite melody" and that riotous modulation which characterize too many modern compositions, and which the narrower followers of Wagner seek to proclaim as one of the praiseworthy innovations of their master. As if the great Bach had not as much infinite melody and as many resources of modulation at his command as any of these, whenever it seemed good to him to employ them. From his prolonged study of Bach and his severe training in counterpoint, Mr. Paine has learned how to produce noble effects with simple means, and in a composer of such marked originality in conceptions of harmonic design this is a peculiarly valuable result. The last twenty braces or so of the chorus "Great and marvellous" will afford an example of what we mean.

### Musical Festival at Cincinnati.

Of the opening performance, Tuesday evening, May 6, the following is the account sent by the agent of the Associated Press.

The Cincinnati Musical Festival was inaugurated to-night under circumstances that were gratifying to all its friends, for it removes all doubt as to its success, either musically or pecuniarily. At half-past 7 o'clock the number in the hall was thirty-five hundred, which was swelled to about thirty-eight hundred by the close of the first part of the Te Deum. It had been announced that the entertainment would commence promptly at half-past 7, and that doors would be promptly closed, but there was at that hour some confusion in the hall incident to seating so large a number, and it was thirteen minutes before 8 when Theodore Thomas came to the stand, and waved his baton for the commencement of the exercises.

The chorus had been seated promptly, and was ready some minutes before the appearance of the orchestra. First, on the right of the stage, were 230 soprano singers; above them, on the same side 140 tenors. On the left were 110 altos, and above them 200 bass, making in all 680. The arrangement of the seats gave the audience a complete view of the singers, as well as of the orchestra that occupied the space between the right and left division alluded to. The orchestra consists of forty violins, fourteen violas, fourteen violoncellos, and twelve basses, the remainder of the one hundred and eight pieces being made up of reed and brass instruments. Miss Cary, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Varley made their appearance a moment before the director, and were greeted with applause. As they took their seats on the left of the director's stand, they were followed almost immediately by Thomas, who recognized the enthusiastic applause that his appearance awoke, and with the same promptness that characterizes him in his orchestral concerts, he waved his baton, and the first notes of the "Dettingen Te Deum" broke upon the ears of the audience.

There was something about the conduct of Thomas the moment he took the stand that inspired all with confidence. He appeared confident himself, and in this the chorus participated. The first sentence, "We praise thee, O God," swelled up with the same precision and strength that characterized the later efforts of the chorus. The audience during the performance of the first part of the Te Deum, listened with the most marked attention. All eyes were on the novel spectacle that confronted them, and all ears were employed. It was somewhat noticeable that at the close of this part there was not a murmur of applause, and it was not until the close of "All the earth doth worship Thee" that the great audience gave the chorus and orchestra and conductor unmistakably to understand that they had more than filled their expectation. The applause then was generous, and was repeated at intervals, until the close, when the whole audience joined in demonstration of approbation. Mr. Whitney in the solos, "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man" and "Vouchsafe, O Lord," was enthusiastically received, and quite divided the solo honors with

Miss Cary, who has always been received here with special favor.

The execution of the Te Deum was not above criticism, but its blemishes were comparatively few. Mr. Thomas privately expressed himself as highly satisfied, asserting that it had not been excelled in this country. He specially commended the freshness and precision of the chorus. The Te Deum was followed by a recess of thirty minutes. Then came symphony No. 5, in C minor, by Beethoven, followed by concert aria number three, "Misero, o! sogno," by Mozart, the latter by Mr. Varley, who up to this time had made little impression on the audience. The applause which followed this effort was prolonged and showed stronger disposition to demand repetition than anything presented during the evening. The evening closed with "The Heavens are Telling" from the Creation, admirably rendered by Miss Cary, Messrs. Whitney and Varley, and the full chorus.

Thus closed the first day of a musical occasion, which Thomas says is to send new life and vigor into the whole musical body of the West.

As to the numbers of the Chorus, a correspondent of the *Transcript* makes a very different count. He says:

The chorus was made up chiefly of resident singers, the societies from abroad furnishing but few accessions. There has been much talk of a chorus of twelve hundred. The actual number, as nearly as they could be counted from the audience, was as follows: Sopranos, 175; tenors, 75; altos, 85; basses, 100—total, 435. There were many vacant chorus seats.—The Cincinnati societies deserve much credit for the zeal they have shown in rehearsing, and for the perfection with which they interpreted the difficult music assigned them.

But the smaller total is quite large enough for good effect,—far better than Gilmore's ten thousand; only, according to this account, the Sopranos seem to have been out of all proportion to the other voices.—The *New York Tribune's* correspondent writes of the second day (May 7):

The matinee to-day was almost as fully attended as the concert last evening, although it rained hard. The programme was a light but attractive one. The most noteworthy features were the orchestra's playing of the allegretto to the eighth symphony; the chorus singing of Mozart's *Ace Varum*, which was given in a majestic and solid style worthy of the music; Whitney's singing of the "Rolling in foaming billows" aria from the Creation, the adagio of which he gave with admirable finish; and Mrs. Smith's singing of the barcarole from the "Star of the North," with flute obbligato, in which her brilliant execution secured an encore.

The evening concert was even more successful than the first one. Notwithstanding the storm which still continued, the audience was very large, and at one time in the evening broke into a perfect tempest of enthusiasm. The programme opened with the Bach Suite, No. 3, which was admirably given. At the commencement of the aria in the suite, there was considerable confusion, caused by the people coming in. Mr. Thomas at once stopped the aria and waited until he had secured a perfectly quiet house, receiving a round of applause for his success in disciplining audiences. The great feature of the evening was the performance of the scenes from Gluck's "Orpheus," Miss Cary singing four or five of the principal recitatives and arias with the choral accompaniments. The performance of it lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and was frequently interrupted with hearty applause. In conducting, Mr. Thomas's usual manner was changed to a nervously energetic one, which evinced a determination that it should succeed, and it did. Miss Cary's rich and powerful voice was never used to better effect, and her method of singing with recitative and arias showed genuine artistic finish. Her only lack was of the intense dramatic force which this music needs. At the close of her last aria, "I have lost my Eurydice," she was heartily applauded, and when she left the stage the audience gave vent to its delight in tremendous applause. She was three times recalled amid shouts of "Brava," waving of handkerchiefs, and an enthusiastic demonstration from the chorus, especially on the alto side, which she gracefully acknowledged. The chorus acquitted itself magnificently in the trying numbers, and swept through the tremendous dramatic passages with irresistible power and almost lightning-like rapidity. It was a great triumph, and old musicians, overlooking a few trifling blemishes, declared it to be simply marvellous.

The reporter of the above seems to have closed his despatch without hearing the latter half of the programme, which included Beethoven's *Coriolanus*

Overture, Schumann's C-major Symphony, the Air: "With verdure clad," sung by Mrs. Dexter, and the chorus: "See the conquering hero," from *Judas Maccabæus*.

The reports which have reached us of the remaining days can hardly be condensed into the small space left us this week. Next time we hope to give the rest.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 17, 1873.

### The Rubinstein Piano Recitals.

The great pianist is taking leave of America, both in New York and Boston, by a series in each city of piano concerts, in which he is himself the sole performer, and of which the two lists of programmes, illustrating the whole history of piano-forte composition, from Sebastian Bach to Anton Rubinstein, is, for amount and weight of matter, and for variety of interest, so far as we know, unparalleled. It seems as if he wished, in closing a most extended and laborious period of his concert career, to put on record as the achievement of one man, what was never done before: namely, the performance, within the space of two weeks, travelling back and forth between two cities, of the greatest number of important works by all the best composers,—all without book, entirely from memory,—that ever entered into the repertoire of any single virtuoso. Such wonderful memory, such mental possession of the whole field of piano-forte music, such ready command of all the technical resources of the instrument, such calm audacity of enterprise and iron strength of nerve to execute it, is surely unexampled unless in the case of Liszt or Von Bülow.

We have before us the New York scheme of seven programmes (May 12, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20 and 21), prefaced by a somewhat pompous introduction, for which we may presume we are indebted to his manager. The first contains 14 pieces (Preludes, Fugues, Fantaisies, Giggles, Rondos, Variations, and what were once called Sonatas) from J. S. and Ph. Em. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Scarlatti and Mozart.—The second consists entirely of six Beethoven Sonatas, (1) beginning with the "Moonlight" and ending with the last of all, the great op. 111.—The third presents the Fantaisie in C, a Minuet and three *Moments Musicaux* of Schubert; the A-flat Sonata, Momento Capriccioso, "Invitation," and E-major Polonaise of Weber; eleven Songs without Words, Scherzo Capriccioso, Scherzo Fantaisie, and the Variations Sérieuses of Mendelssohn.—The fourth is all from Schumann: "Études Symphoniques;" "Kreisleriana," 3 Fantaisie Pieces; Romanza in D minor, "Bird as Prophet;" 3 Studies for Pedal Piano; and the Carneval (*Schnee Mignonnes*).—The fifth is all from Chopin: Fantaisie in F minor; 5 Preludes; 2 Mazourkas; 3 Valses; the Polonaises in A and A flat major; 8 Nocturnes (including the great one in C minor); Impromptu in A flat; Berceuse, Tarantelle, Scherzo; 3 Ballades; 7 Etudes; and the *Marche Funèbre*.—The sixth is given about one-third to Field, Henselt and Thalberg, and two-thirds to Liszt.—In the seventh and last the virtuoso fills the programme also as composer, giving from twenty to thirty compositions of his own, beginning with a Prelude and Fugue in A-sharp major, unrolling in rapid diorama Preludes, Variations, Melodies, Dances, Barcarolles, Romances, a *Suites* of five movements, Serenades, Nocturnes, Etudes, and ending with "Variations upon Yankee Doodle!"

So much for New York. The Boston series is limited to three; but even this contains enough to take one's breath away before he sees the other. The first Recital was given last Saturday afternoon,

May 10, at Horticultural Hall, which never seemed to us so musical a place before, filled as it was completely by a most appreciative, attentive and enthusiastic audience, that listened for two hours to the interpretation of characteristic,—mostly great, profoundly earnest and impassioned works of the five great earlier masters from Bach to Beethoven inclusive. Rubinstein was very warmly greeted, and addressed himself to his task with that same calm, self-possessed, yet thoroughly absorbed, intense look and air to which he has accustomed us, proceeding to "recite," with absolute certainty of memory, no waste of time between the pieces, and in his exciting and engrossing way, with his inimitable force and delicacy, the following programme:

Fantaisie Chromatique.....	J. S. Bach.
Andante et Variations.....	Haydn.
Al et Variations, in D Minor.....	Handel.
Fantaisie in C Minor.....	Mozart.
Gigue in G Major.....	"
A La Turca, from Sonatas, A Major.....	"
Sonatas, C Major, Opus. 53, E Major, Op. 103, C Minor, Op. 111.....	Beethoven.

The selections from the earlier masters were not great examples,—at least not examples of their greatest, which did not lie in this sphere,—but they were characteristic both of period and of individuality. It was a just tribute to the poetry and spontaneity of Bach to take, for the one specimen allotted to him, just the freest, least formal (or what some people have a queer, perverse way of calling "mathematical") thing in the whole programme,—the Chromatic Fantasia, of which he sprinkled forth the rich arpeggios with a large, free hand in a most satisfying manner. The Fugue which follows it, to be sure, is in strict form, and was played very clearly, firmly and impressively, though we have heard it given with a more winsome grace. Any musicians do not count it among the most interesting of the Fugues of Bach. We cannot help thinking that a few flowers culled from the "Well-tempered Clavichord" would have made a fairer show of Bach's relative importance. The Variations by Haydn (probably new to nearly all the audience) are exquisite, full of his finest genius; we can hardly recall a more interesting piece in all Haydn's piano music; it was rendered with consummate grace and truth of feeling. The Handel variations, which he has played before in the great Music Hall, call for no remark, except that in a single variation, where he doubles the octaves, it furnished about the only instance in this concert (and that very brief) of that stormy exaggeration to which we have alluded on some former occasions.

The familiar Mozart Fantasia was (one might almost say) *examined* with passionate expression, alternating with the sweetest tenderness; and the little Turkish march was fascinating by its truth to Oriental traits, although it is by no means such a stroke of genius as Beethoven's.

Three great Beethoven Sonatas,—three of the most exciting, most taxing to the powers of apprehension and of feeling, and most difficult of execution,—played in immediate succession, is a thing which very few pianists would have the hardihood, or even the desire, to undertake before an audience. They were played with wonderful fire and intense reproduction of the whole sequence of thoughts as from within, as if they came spontaneously and not remembered, as if the player were entirely and absolutely possessed by each of them in turn. In the Op. 53, that concert battle horse of most piano virtuosos when they enter the Beethoven field, he took the first Allegro at an inconceivably rapid rate of tempo; yet so clear in outline, and so easily, that the sense soon grew at home in it, while the beautiful full-chord *cantabile* of the second theme sang itself most lovingly and sweetly. The light elfish Rondo and Prestissimo Finale also went to a charm. The tremendous difficulties of the great Op. 111, in

C minor, with which he closed, held the whole audience spell-bound, as they had held a larger audience in the Music Hall before. We have all thought that Perabo played it well, but, passed through Rubinstein, the strong and subtle element meant more and was irresistible. Never before have we received a clear conception of the singularly complex rhythmical divisions and accent of some of these marvellous variations. Talk of "mathematical" music! Where so much as in the accurate, which is of course the most expressive, reading of these variations, does one feel the need of mathematical precision? But what seemed to us the most purely satisfactory and admirable of these renderings, was that of the middle one of the three Sonatas, that in E major, with its fitful easy alternation of light, flickering *Vivace* with *Adagio* in the first movement; its sweeping bold *Prestissimo* in E minor; and that most soulful, tender of *Andante Cantabile* melodies (*Gesangvoll mit innigster Empfindung*), with its wealth of thoughtful variations, which form the principal and closing movement, and which made a profound impression.

Thursday's Recital (too late for further notice here) consisted of selections from Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn and Schumann, giving the lion's share to the last. The third and last, next Wednesday afternoon offers the following remarkable list of not less than 35 separate pieces—of course mostly short.

Fantaisie, F minor, E minor, A	
Preludes, B minor, B-flat major, D minor.....	"
Ballade, Mazourkas, F major, F-sharp minor.....	"
B minor.....	"
Valses, Polonaise, A minor, A-flat major, A major.....	"
Nocturnes Tarantelle, B major, G minor, F minor.....	"
Études, C sharp minor, A-flat major, A minor.....	"
Nocturne, B major.....	Field.
Liedeslied, Si also in j'étais.....	Henselt.
Étude, A minor.....	Thalberg.
Valse Impromptu.....	Liszt.
Rhapsodie Hongroise.....	Liszt.
Miniatures, (Serenade, Près de ruissseau)	
New Melodie.....	
Impromptu.....	Rubinstein.
Barcarolle, A minor.....	
Serenade Russe.....	
Caprice Russe, (de l'Album de Peterhoff)	
Études, F minor, F major, C major.....	Rubinstein.

In the evening of the same day (Wed. May 21), Herr Rubinstein will conduct a performance of his "Ocean" Symphony, by our own Harvard Orchestra, at the Tremont Temple.

### Concerts.

A few things remain to complete the record cut short in our last number.

April 19. Quarterly exhibition of the Boston Conservatory of Music, Julius Eichberg, Director. We can speak only of the programme, which, though it was for pupils, was far from puerile. It contained two Organ pieces, both by Bach (a *Vorspiel*, and a Prelude and Fugue); Weber's *Oberon* Overture, for two pianos (8 hands); a Polonaise and a Scherzo by Chopin; first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26; and a Piano "Melodie" by Rubinstein. For Violin solos, an *Air varié* by De Bériot, a Ballade by Vieuxtemps (Master Van Raalte); a Polonaise by Wieniawski (Miss Persis Bell); and quite a shower of youthful violinists (21 of them) came down at once in an Andante for four parts, composed for them by Mr. Eichberg. The vocal efforts were comparatively few: an air from the *Creation*, a couple of airs by Meyerbeer; and a Song: "Ye pretty birds," by Gumbert.

April 22. Second Classical Matinée of the BEETHOVEN QUINTETTE CLUB, at Wesleyan Hall. The Quintet in C minor (No. 1) by Mozart was very smoothly and beautifully rendered, the instruments being in good tune and excellent rapport with one another. Schumann's "Abendlied" and Mendelssohn's "Wanderlied" were sung, with taste by Mrs. H. M. Smith, whose pure, clear, beautiful soprano



voice still holds its own, refined by riper culture and experience. A novelty in the programme was a work which should by good rights have been heard in some of our orchestral concerts before this: to-wit Mozart's "Sinfonia Concertante," or double Concerto for Violin and Viola. These instruments were played, and very satisfactorily, by Mr. C. N. ALLEN, leader of the Club, and Mr. MULLALY, the orchestral accompaniments being represented on the piano, and with good effect, by a young lady. The Mozart composition is very charming, and gives a brilliant opportunity to the two instruments; we hardly remember to have heard that unobtrusive member of the orchestral family, the Viola, come forward to so good advantage. But the crowning glory of these two concerts was reserved to the end; the performance by Messrs. J. C. D. PARKER, ALLEN and WULF FRIES of that peculiarly brilliant and imaginative Trio of Beethoven's in E flat (Op. 70, No. 3). It sparkles with invention, with fresh, happy thoughts in every movement; attention and delight are kept alive by continual exquisite surprises. In this respect the Trio suggests analogy with the E-flat Trio of Schubert. Mr. Parker played it *con amore*, in a perfectly clear, effective, tastefully expressive manner. The applause of the audience was evidently sincere.

After these first tastes of the quality of the new Quintette Club, we think we may anticipate good service in the cause of Art from them in future.

April 24. An evening concert was given in the Tremont Temple, in aid of the "Bazaar of the Nations," by the BOSTON HIGHLANDS MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, aided by the Beethoven Quintette Club, the Highland Quartet (of male singers) and several soloists. The Highlands Association, a mixed choir of about a hundred voices, which has been for some time under the direction of Mr. F. E. TORRINGTON, confined its efforts to a few rather light part-songs and choruses, but seemed made up of excellent material,—good fresh, pure voices, which came out freely, blending well; and there was evidence of good choral discipline. This was avowedly a "popular" concert; but we doubt not Mr. Torrington's choir will soon show themselves equal to more earnest work; and, instead of Bishop, Mercadante, Watson, Kücken, we shall see names like Mendelssohn, and possibly old English Madrigals, upon their programmes.

A striking incident of the concert, considering that it was a popular one and the audience not precisely such as one sees at classical concerts, was the effect produced, almost a *furor*, by the performance of the Adagio from Mendelssohn's B-flat Quintet. It was capitally rendered, and the beauty and deep feeling of the music took such hold on every one, that a repetition was insisted on. Nothing in the whole programme created such enthusiasm. The solo singing by Miss RYAN, Miss GATES, Mme. GARCEAU and Mr. PRESCOTT was quite acceptable; especially the Page's recitative and Air: "Nobil Signor" from "The Huguenots," by Miss Ryan.

Mr. THAYER's Free Organ Recitals at the First Church (on Berkeley St.) are still continued, Tuesday afternoons, at 4 o'clock. We wonder that so few of our earnest music-lovers seem to be aware of these edifying opportunities. We think it good for one's soul, on one of these lovely Spring afternoons, to stroll through the Public Garden, forgetting the discords of our crowded city life for a while amid the harmonies of birds and sunshine, fresh green grass and budding plants and trees; then, in the "dim religious twilight" of that beautiful church, the warm light streaming through the pictured windows, sacred emblems and suggestions all around, to sit for an hour in perfect peace, and let the sweet and solemn strains of Bach and Handel, Mendelssohn and Schumann, from that pure-voiced organ, warm it all to fuller life for you, and make it seem a thousand times more real than all the life you left behind you when you entered the still place. Such music is in the best sense worship. Here, for instance, is the programme which we heard there last week; if every church could minister so sweet an

influence, through spoken word or ritual, or solemn silence, as that Vorspiel of Bach!

Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Bk. 2, No. 6.....Bach.  
Vorspiel: "Schmücke Dich"....."  
Toccatina in C major....."  
Mr. Henry Cowles.  
Studien, Op. 56, No. 4.....Schumann.  
Sonata in F minor, No. 1.....Mendelssohn.  
Choral Variations: "Wer nur den lieben Gott.....Hesse.  
Skizzen, Op. 58, No. 2.....Schumann.

THE FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK.—For a whole week and more the New York journals were ringing with the praises of our old Handel & Haydn Society. The manner in which these four or five hundred singers sang the choruses in *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise*, some of the grander ones from *Israel in Egypt*, and above all, the choral portion of the sublime, almost impossible Ninth Symphony, seems to have been a new revelation to the impressible New York audiences, not much accustomed to the splendors of Oratorio adequately rendered. It is to be hoped that what they have now heard will prompt to the building up of one or more grand choral organizations of their own. If this should be the result of it, Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, to whose enterprise and skill the whole week's noble Festival is due, will have conferred a two-fold benefit upon the great metropolis. We have no doubt that our singers did their very best, and that is very good indeed. And probably for this excursion the great choir was somewhat weeded of the weaker and the less harmonious elements, so that 400 voices really sang better than the six or seven hundred gathered for the festivals in our own Music Hall. This time they had every motive to make a good appearance. The several masses of the great choir were placed in better relation to each other than our Music Hall stage admits of. And they must also have derived much inspiration from the superb accompaniment of the Thomas orchestra, especially in the *Lohengrin* and in the Choral Symphony.—About this closing triumph we copy what the *Tribune* had to say, together with its last words of Godspeed to their Boston guests:

The ten double-basses opened the song as if handled by a single man. The 'celli and violas are soon joined, then the violins, and the swelling theme moves onward to the terrible vocal quartet. Probably no more difficult music than this quartet was ever written for the voice. It is divided from the impossible by a margin so narrow as to be scarcely perceptible. It taxes every resource of the ablest artists, and even when it is sung correctly it exacts such painful effort from the singers that it rarely satisfies the average listener. We never heard it but once when it seemed to us all that Beethoven meant it should be; that was when Mme. Parepa Rosa sang it for the Handel and Haydn Society in 1868. The four artists who grappled with it on Saturday achieved no such triumph as Mme. Rosa secured for herself and her associates five years ago; but they did themselves great credit, and it is high praise to say that in the frightful passage where one always trembles so much for them, they were not overthrown. But the chorus, the chorus! With this the glory of the night burst forth. There was no fault to be found with it. Imperfections there doubtless were, trips now and then over some of the many stumbling blocks which the relentless composer threw all about the score; but petty mistakes were swallowed up in the overwhelming torrent of song, which was not like the music of earth, but the awful shouting of the joyous hosts of heaven. Voices and instruments vied with one another in magnificence. The sensation produced by the last movement of this symphony is never a sensation of pleasure, at least while the performance is going on. It is a sensation of bewilderment, of astonishment, almost of fear. Whatever delight is to be gathered from it comes afterward. But we may safely say that the effect upon the audience of the interpretation on Saturday night will not soon be obliterated.

The Handel and Haydn Society carry back to Boston the sincere gratitude and good wishes of the public whom they have done so much to instruct and entertain. They have fully sustained the great reputation which preceded them, and we hope they have aroused a becoming spirit of emulation among our own societies. There was a disposition at first, in some quarters, to look upon them with jealousy; but their merit was so conspicuous

and the hospitable and appreciative temper of the public was so overpowering, that this absurdity was conquered before it could fairly show itself. Mr. Carl Zerrahn has already become a general favorite in New York, and if Mrs. West has received scant justice it is because in a city which knows so little about the true oratorio school her excellent method is not understood. It is pleasant to learn that a feeling of warm cordiality has sprung up between Mr. Theodore Thomas and the chorus. If we can believe the letters and reports in the Boston newspapers, the Handel and Haydn Society are equally pleased with his arrangement for their personal comfort and the extraordinary accompaniment which he has furnished for their singing; and the prospect is fair that the two organizations may often be brought together hereafter.

And now that the Handel and Haydn Society have satisfied their roving propensities, have sung "Elijah" in New York, and reaped sweet harvest of applause; now that there is no more prospect of Peace Jubilees to tempt them to digression (or transgression), we may reasonably hope that when they come together for rehearsals in the autumn, they will find themselves in a right earnest mood for learning something. The next objective point of their ambition, we suppose, is the Triennial Festival of one year hence; and for that occasion we will believe they really mean to study the Matthew Passion Music of Bach till they can do it well and bring it out entire. This task, begun three years ago, encouraged by the almost popular success of the selections given from it at the last Triennial, still hangs fire: there always seems to be a jubilee, or a New York excursion, or a temptation to do "Elijah" with some famous set of solo singers, to nip the young rehearsals in the bud. How different in London! Five performances of the Passion in one week! Bach actually "the fashion" there, as the mistaken New York editor once tauntingly declared of Boston! Indeed! the accounts which we have copied under "Music Abroad" fall short of the full story; in a number of the *Standard*, just received, we read the following:

At St. Paul's Cathedral, at St. Anne's, Soho, and St. Saviour's, Haverstock Hill, as well as at the Royal Albert Hall, the sublime settings of the grand old Leipzig cantor's Passion of our Lord have been sung to audiences numbering tens of thousands. Nor is this sudden popularity of the work confined exclusively to London. At the cathedrals of Durham, Canterbury and Oxford, performances of portions of the oratorio have taken place. At Manchester, Haydn's rarely heard Passion has been given; and at Salisbury a setting of The Last Seven Words by Gounod was brought forward. Lastly, we understand that Mendelssohn's fragment of "Christus" was sung at St. Stephen's, Lewisham. The Passion week of the present year will surely stand out as a noted epoch in the history of music. It is not easy to determine whether the sudden popularity of the Passion music is due merely to fashion, or to a real advance in public taste. We rather doubt the sincerity of the affection displayed for it by the multitude; Bach's handiwork is too elaborate and deep to be thoroughly appreciated by any but educated musicians. However, this much is certain, that now that it has been so frequently heard, it will never be allowed to fall into the neglect which has been its fate for the last hundred years. Even the venerable and steady-going Sacred Harmonic Society has been aroused from its normal state of torpor, and advertises a performance of the work.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 10.—The past fortnight has been crowded with those miscellaneous musical entertainments which make up the rear guard of the season.

On Saturday, May 3rd, Mr. F. BERGMAN gave his annual concert, presenting a very interesting programme to a large and appreciative audience. The talented violinist was assisted by Miss Anna Mohlig, Miss Sterling, Mr. Matzka and Dr. Damrosch. The opening piece was Mozart's string Quartet, in G major, (first movement), played by Mr. Begner, Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Matzka. The Adagio from Schubert's Quintet in C major, op. 163, was also played.

Mr. Bergner's selection was a beautiful reverie for the Violoncello, written by himself, Mr. Van Inten playing the pianoforte accompaniment. Miss Mohlig gave a fine rendering of Schumann's "Alends" and Liszt's first



"Hungarian Rhapsody." Miss Sterling sang a Cradle Song by Wagner: "Schlaf ein, holdes Kind;" a Canzonet by Mozart, and Schubert's "Der Stürmische Morgen." The concert was thoroughly artistic and enjoyable.

Tuesday, May 6. The MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB gave a testimonial concert to Miss MEHLIG. This is the second public entertainment which has been given by this association (composed of amateurs who, from long and conscientious practice, have reached a high degree of excellence in the singing of part songs and glees.) Miss Mehlig has, I understand, played several times at their private entertainments, hence this complimentary concert.

The programme included Schumann's "Lotos Flower" and "Over all the Tree-tops there is Rest," by Liszt, sung by the Club; Liszt's odd Hexameron for two pianos, effectively rendered by Miss Mehlig and Mr. Mills, besides the Moonlight Sonata, Tausig's Soirées de Vienne, and Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody, played by Miss Mehlig. Mr. Bergner gave two selections for the violoncello, and Miss Beebe, accompanied by the Club, sang two pieces by Abt.

On Wednesday, May 7th, the ONSLOW QUINTETTE CLUB gave their last concert for the season, which I regret to have missed hearing. This organization has done, in a quiet way, much to create and cultivate a taste for classical music, and their programmes are always selected with discrimination and interpreted with fidelity and skill.

Thursday, May 8. The CHURCH MUSIC ASSOCIATION gave their third concert at Ste nway Hall. Haydn's Symphony in C minor (No. 9 of Salomon's set) came first on the programme, and was followed by Weber's Mass in G. Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night music (which had already been performed by this Association) was repeated and ended the programme. Mme. Gulager, Miss Antonia Henné, Mr. Leggett and Mr. Remertz were among the singers.

This evening the BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY will give their last concert for the season. Beethoven's "E oica" and Prof. Ritter's new Symphony are the principal selections to be performed.

A series of matinees is announced by Mr. Grau to begin next week, at which RUBINSTEIN will present an epitome of piano music, beginning with the elder Bach and ending with his own compositions. To the student and connoisseur of music these recitals, seven in all, will be second in interest to none which the great pianist has given since he reached our shores. It is understood also that this is to be his last appearance in this country, and there is little doubt that the announcement will attract large audiences.

On Wednesday, May 14th, THEODORE THOMAS will resume his unequalled garden concerts, under the auspices of Messrs. J. Koch & Co., an event which will be hailed with delight by all lovers of good music, good fellowship and good lager.

To-morrow evening the GERMAN LIEDERKRANZ will give their fourth and last concert with Miss Anna Mehlig as pianist.

A benefit concert for Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING is announced for Sunday evening next. And one on Friday night for Mlle. LIEBHART. A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 7.—The past month has not been conspicuous for numerous musical entertainments.

The "Abt Male Singing Society's" concert took place on the evening of April 19th at Musical Fund Hall. As usual the auditorium was packed. The principal feature of the programme was Mendelssohn's "Sons of Art." It was superbly rendered; abso utely without flaw, both in the accompaniment (piano and organ) and in the chorus it was, throughout, a complete and grand success. A peculiar piece called "Vorbei" (the composer's name escapes me) for baritone recitative and chorus, and "The Harper's" Song, were effectively sung, as was, indeed, the whole programme, with the exception of the quartets, which were singularly wretched. The programme was entirely too rich, not for a musician, but for a general audience. There was but one "light" selection in it.

The "Vocal Union" gave their second concert on the following Saturday evening. Their singing evinces careful rehearsal, but it struck me as being rather too mechanical. Their principal piece was the "Sons of Art." It received quite a different interpretation from that put upon it by the Abt.

Mr. Wolfsohn's Benefit Concert was given at the Academy of Music on Friday evening, May 2. The audience was quite large and appreciative. Miss Clara Land-erbach of this city, and Miss Henne, together with Mr. Wolfsohn, were the soloists. Miss L.'s chief selection was Beethoven's "Ah perf. lo." Her silvery soprano voice soars easily above the maze of difficulties with which this "Scena ed Aria" abounds. She was enthusiastically applauded. The only cloud upon her perform-

ances is her indistinct enunciation on the high notes. Miss Henne sang "Ah mon fils," from the "Prophet," very satisfactorily. Mr. Wolfsohn's selections were Raff's transcription of "L'Africaine," and a Nocturne by himself. The orchestra acquitted themselves with great credit, particularly in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture, and in the Andante of the "Surprise" Symphony.

On Saturday evening, May 3, the "Orpheus" concert was given at Musical Fund Hall. This was the occasion of the return of Mme. Urso to our concert rooms. She gave us Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Paganini's "Witches' Dance," and "The Last Rose of Summer." Her playing is wonderfully accurate and smooth. Mr. Cross played her accompaniments with great taste, which was an extra labor for one who had to lead the society in their portion of the programme. The "Wanderer's Night song," by Lentz, (the first number of the programme) was quite poorly done. But Horsley's "By Celia's Arbor" was beautiful in execution and finish; as was also Cooke's "Strike the Lyre." Schubert's "Gondolier Serenade" was exquisitely sung. The quartet "Come in the silly night" was a complete failure. Besides the usual defect of force in the second basses, the tendency of the high tenors to scream on their high notes was a noticeable fault in the chorus. Mr. Cross and the officers are deserving of the highest praise for their very successful efforts in managing the affairs of the Club yet in its infancy. Should the same care and attention be bestowed by the members, on their rehearsals as during this past year, with such a conductor as Mr. Cross, there is nothing in the way of their attaining a very high position among singing societies here and elsewhere. We are to have Rubinstein and Wieniawski on Monday evening next, and, best of all, we are promised on that occasion the "Ocean Symphony." EUSTACE.

BRIGNOLI.—A correspondent of the *Advertiser* writes from Naples as follows:

I could not help feeling rather sorry for our old friend Brignoli the other night. Since leaving America he has seemed to find no rest for the sole of his foot in the continental opera houses. At last he reached Naples—his native place—and negotiations were begun for his appearance at San Carlo. This season has been a very unlucky one for Musella, the impresario, who was not unwilling to try the effect of a new name in the bills. The two chief artists of the company, Signors Stoltz and Waldmann, engaged expressly for the "Don Carlo" and "Aida," which were prepared at great expense under Verdi's own direction, have been ill almost all winter, and are not yet ready to begin the "Aida," although the season is two-thirds over, and Petrella's "Promessi Sposi" is yet to be taken up. The season has been eked out with what are called *spettacoli di ripiego*, given by a sort of "scratch" company, made up of the least considerable of the solo singers. "Lucrezia Borgia" was the opera then on the bills, and the question came up of assigning for a few nights to Signor Brignoli the part of *Gennaro*, very well sung by Signor Celada, Musella's third tenor. The theatrical commission were opposed, rating Celada as the better singer; but old Lauro Rossi, director of the College of Music, and, I believe, Brignoli's instructor when he was a pupil there, pleaded for him, and an arrangement was made. A subscriber, who is an eminent *dilettante*, and whose relations to the municipality make him a trustworthy informant, told me that Brignoli was to sing for nothing, and that the subscribers were privately requested to make the best of him as a Neapolitan who had made a position for himself in the United States. So the boxes treated him kindly enough, and applauded an aria which he introduced in the third act. But the general public would not be stilled, and the opera worried itself to an end in the midst of hisses and a storm of the indescribably derisive *Ho-o-o-o!* which an Italian audience is sure to pour out upon lackadisaical sentimentality or weak inefficiency. It is but fair to say, however, that the violent disapprobation which followed the great *terzetto* was not all for Brignoli's feebleness, but that the roughness and negligence of the other singers helped to provoke the wrath of the pit. Two nights were quite sufficient to prove that Brignoli had best "take up his connections," as they say at Harvard, and he very discreetly retired from any further trial of the patience of his fellow citizens, whose comments in the lobbies and *cafés* were too severely sarcastic for me to repeat here. Never a great singer or a good declaimer, he seemed to me to have fallen off greatly in all but circumference, since I heard him last, and his attempt to find acceptance with the most exacting audience of San Carlo, in my opinion, falls but little short of temerity.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC,  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Cradle Song. 3. Ab to f. *Titcomb*, 30  
"Hither Sleep! a mother wants thee,  
Hither come with velvet arms."  
Words by Dr. Holland. A most delicate and sweet lullaby.

Bright Hope. 3. G to e. *Danks*, 30  
"Hope should never die,  
Tho' the heart be weary."  
In 12-8 time. Smooth, flowing melody and cheering sentiments.

New Songs by Franz Abt. *each*, 30  
No. 2. He giveth his beloved sleep. 3. D to d.  
"In death's dark gathering gloom,  
God will his own in safety keep."

3. Not a Sparrow falleth. 3. F to f.  
"Far more precious, surely,  
Than the birds that fly!"

4. Dream of Angels, little One! 4. Eb to e.  
"Shadows all the valley hide,  
Mother watches by thy side."  
New songs by Abt are always acceptable. These are finely elaborated, and not to be sung without practice, which they amply repay.

He's such a Bashful Boy. 2. D to d. *Shelly*, 30  
Comic. Good music and wit enough to bring out the smiles.

Sleep on and dream of me. 3. D to g. *Gray*, 30  
"Thro' thy latt ee silvery teams  
Are gently creeping."  
Graceful serenading song.

Sound an Alarm. 4. D to a. *From Judas Maccabæus*, 40  
Well-known, and those who know it best like it most. Grand, manly, musical, soul-stirring. Keep it in your repertoire. For a robust tenor voice, but is not bad with a ringing treble of the "silver trumpet" quality. Mr. Varley sings it superbly.

Stars are trembling o'er us. 4. Eb to g. *Wilson*, 50  
"Down the dim river  
We float on forever."  
Poetry by Miss Muloch, and, like the music, is of the best quality.

Instrumental.

Pupils' Recreation. 6 Moderately easy and elegant pieces. *C. Wells, ca.* 35

No. 1. Polonaise. No. 4. Prayer. 4. G.  
"2. Berceuse. 4. C. " 5. Galop. 3. F.  
" 3. Polka. 4. C. " 6. March. 3. Bb.

The *instrumental* quality is never lost sight of in these well-wrought pieces, which give both hands useful employment, are nicely fingered, and furnish a very agreeable kind of study.

Overture to Mignon. 5. *Thomas*, 75  
Mignon is now well-known, and players will be anxious to practice a new overture, which has various characteristic melodies, in which the "coming" airs of the opera "cast their shadows before."

Dancing Leaves. (La Dance des Feuilles). 5. *Matti*, 65

A well-chosen title which aptly describes the fantastic spring and dance of the music, imitating, as you please to imagine it, either the merry gambols of withered leaves in autumn, or the sway and swing and leap of the multitudes of green boughs in a strong breeze of summer.

Laila Waltz. 4. G. *Lindebach*, 35  
Composed for the pupils of Salem Academy, but is sufficiently good to tempt other academics to introduce it.

Boston Polonaise. 4 hands. 2-3. *C. Lippitt*, 40  
The Secondo is much easier than the Primo, which however, is, not difficult. Good and interesting practice.

Harmonious Reverie. 3. Eb. *Price*, 30  
Has the form of a Reverie, but has such bright and full music as to need, perhaps, another name.

Books.

CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTOR FOR REED ORGANS.  
" " " " PIANOFORTE.  
" " " " VIOLIN.

Three "dollar" books which answer an excellent purpose as easy instruction books. They contain, each, an instructive course, a number of progressive exercises, and large numbers of attractive tunes for practice; the Violin book, for instance, as many as 120 tunes. Not designed of course for those who wish to take a complete course on either instrument, but will make study very pleasant for those who wish to go a short distance.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

